

COMICS

NO.
67

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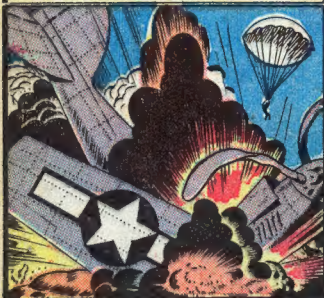
THE HUMAN TORCH



TORCH AND TORO CHALLENGE THE MYSTERY OF DREAD THUNDER MOUNTAIN, MEMESIS OF INTREPID PILOTS FLYING THE MAIL TRANSPORTS IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH!! DEATH THAT WAITS TO SWOOP DOWN WITH TERRIFYING SUDDENNESS TO CRUMPLE HUGE TRANSPORT PLANES LIKE SO MUCH MATCHWOOD! DEATH IN THE FORM OF A GIANT FLYING CREATURE OF SUCH FANTASTIC MAGNITUDE THAT IT DEFIES DESCRIPTION!!

DEATH BIRD *of* *in the*
THUNDER MOUNTAIN

OUR STORY OPENS SOME DAYS AGO, WHEN A PLANE ESCORTING A MAIL TRANSPORT CRASHES ON MYSTERIOUS THUNDER MOUNTAIN.



IF HE IS, WE CAN LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAIL TRANSPORT THEY WERE GUARDING!

WE HERE! NOT FAR NOW!

FUNNY THE INDIAN DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING OF THE TRANSPORT?

DAYS LATER, A SEARCHING PARTY STRUGGLES UP THE TORTUROUS MOUNTAIN TRAIL TO THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.



LUCKY THE INDIAN SPOTTED THEM!

YEP! THE ONE WHO BAILED OUT MAY STILL BE ALIVE!



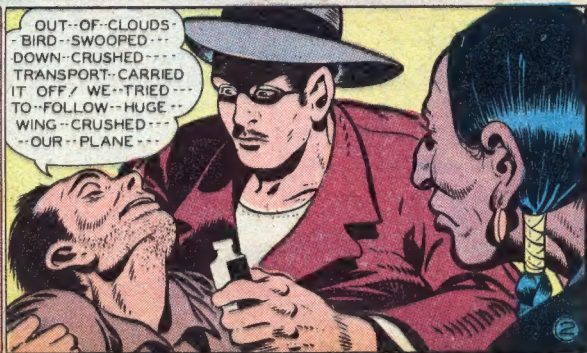
THE F.B.I. MAN IS DEAD! THIS MUST BE THE AIRLINES MANAGER!

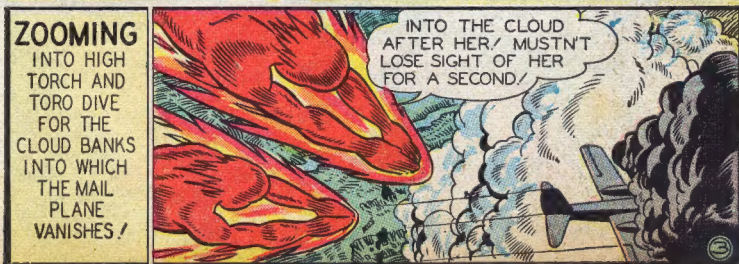
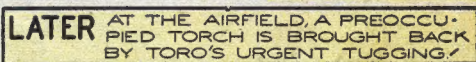
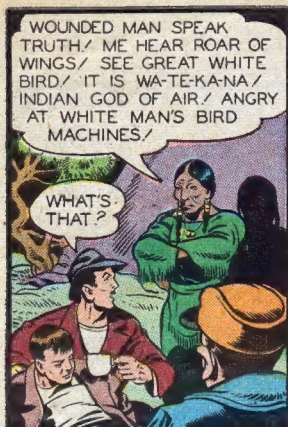
POOR DEVIL! MANAGED TO FIX SPLINTS OVER HIS BROKEN LEG BEFORE HE PASSED OUT! HE'S COMING TO!

BETWEEN

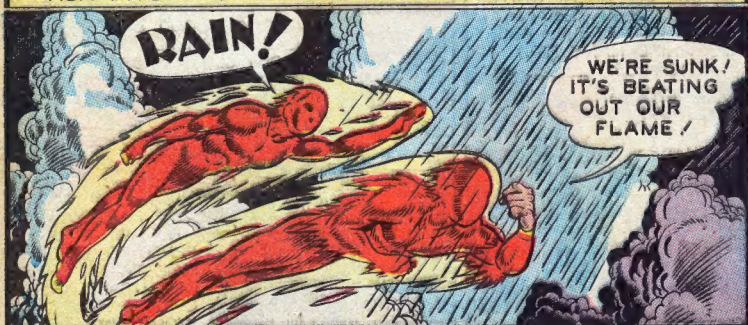
MOANS OF STIFLED PAIN, A WEIRD JUMBLE OF WORDS FROM THE INJURED MAN'S LIPS IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTIONS OF HIS RESCUERS /

OUT--OF-CLOUDS--
BIRD--SWOOPED---
DOWN--CRUSHED---
TRANSPORT--CARRIED
IT OFF / WE--TRIED---
TO--FOLLOW--HUGE--
WING--CRUSHED---
--OUR--PLANE---



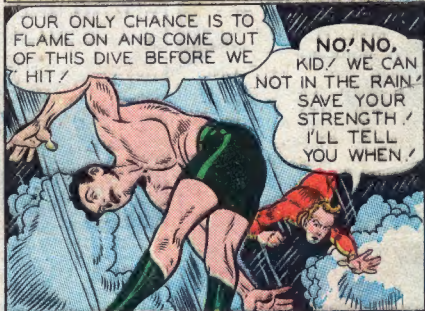


LIKE FLAMING METEORS, TORCH AND TORO RIP THRU ONE HEAVY CLOUD BANK, TOWARD ANOTHER--ONLY TO RUN INTO A TORRENTIAL DOWNPOUR. /

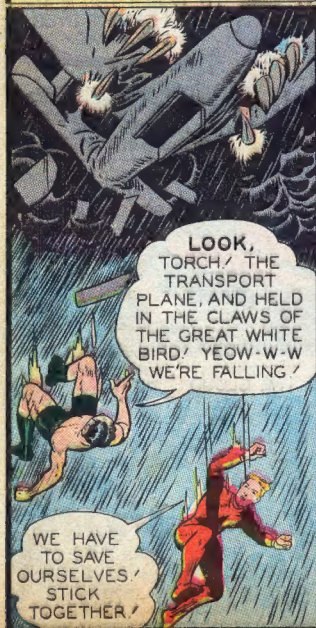
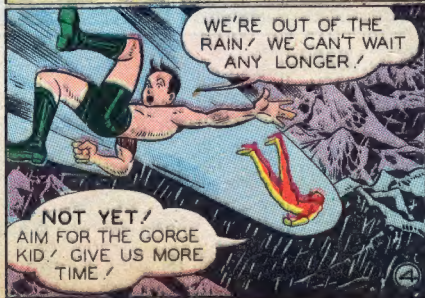


JUST AS THE FLAMING DUO ROBBED OF THEIR POWER BY THE BLINDING RAIN, START PLUNGING EARTHWARD, THEIR STARTLED GAZE ENCOUNTERS A GIGANTIC APPARATION. /

DOWN...DOWN WITH FRIGHTEN-
ING SPEED, FALL
TORCH AND TORO ---

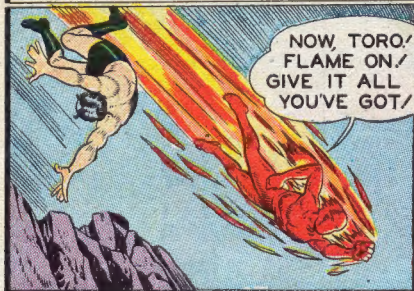


TOWARD THE BASE OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN WITH DEEP ROCKY GORGES AND RAZOR-LIKE PEAKS RUSHING UP TO MEET THEM AT TERRIFIC SPEED. /



JUST AS THEIR PLUNGING BODIES
KNIFE DOWN THRU THE
NARROW SIDES OF THE GORGE....

NARROWLY MISSING
THE FAR
END OF THE CHASM, TORO
AND TORCH ZOOM UP IN A
SWEEPING FIERY CURVE./

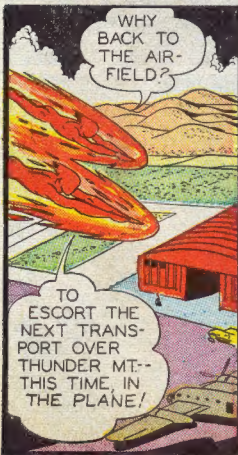


NOW, TORO/
FLAME ON/
GIVE IT ALL
YOU'VE GOT/



GOSH/
WHAT WAS THE
BIG IDEA OF
WAITING SO
LONG?

TO GIVE THE AIR A
CHANCE TO DRY OUR WET
BODIES/ TO TRY TO FLAME
AND LEARN WE COULDN'T
WOULD BE CURTAINS/



WHY
BACK TO
THE AIR-
FIELD?

TO
ESCORT THE
NEXT TRANS-
PORT OVER
THUNDER MT.-
THIS TIME, IN
THE PLANE/

ACCOMPANIED BY
THE FBI. CHIEF THE
DUO CONFER WITH
THE AIRLINES
MANAGER/

UGH/ I'LL NEVER FOR-
GET THAT CREATURE/
SINCE YOU SAW IT TOO
I KNOW I'M NOT GOING
CRAZY, TORCH/

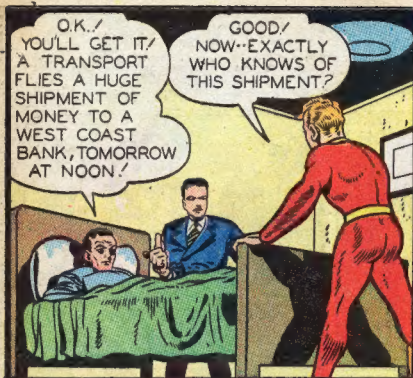
THE TORCH IS
GOING TO TAKE
ANOTHER TRY
AT THE
MYSTERY/

I APPRECI-
ATE YOUR
EFFORTS,
TORCH/ BUT
I CAN'T PER-
MIT YOU TO
RISK YOUR
LIVES
AGAIN!!

WERE NOT
IN THE
HABIT OF
QUITTING/
I INSIST ON
ANOTHER/



HE
MEANS
WE
INSIST/



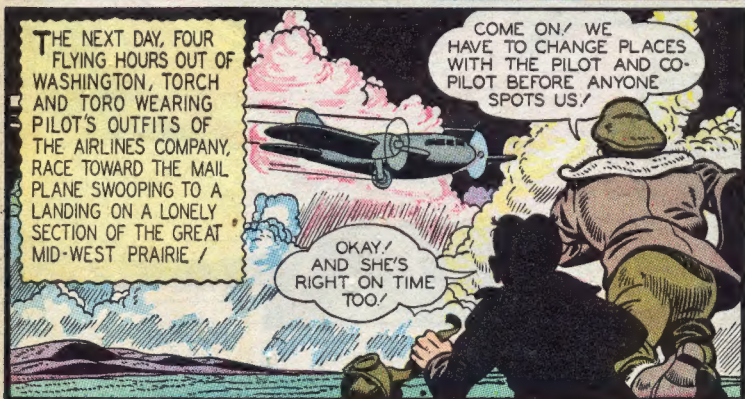
O.K./
YOU'LL GET IT/
A TRANSPORT
FLIES A HUGE
SHIPMENT OF
MONEY TO A
WEST COAST
BANK, TOMORROW
AT NOON!

GOOD/
NOW...EXACTLY
WHO KNOWS OF
THIS SHIPMENT?



WHY?
THE BANK
OFFICIALS OF
COURSE! A
FEW TRUSTED
AIRLINE
EMPLOYEES
AND WE
FOUR!

HMM, NOT SO
GOOD! TOO
MANY! HAVE TO
CHANGE THE
PLANE'S TAKE-
OFF TIME! NOW
HERE'S MY PLAN!



THE NEXT DAY, FOUR
FLYING HOURS OUT OF
WASHINGTON, TORCH
AND TORO WEARING
PILOT'S OUTFITS OF
THE AIRLINES COMPANY,
RACE TOWARD THE MAIL
PLANE SWOOPING TO A
LANDING ON A LONELY
SECTION OF THE GREAT
MID-WEST PRAIRIE!

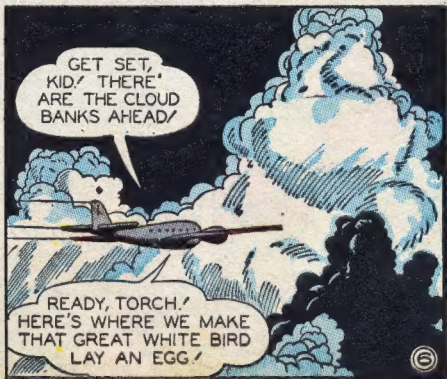
COME ON! WE
HAVE TO CHANGE PLACES
WITH THE PILOT AND CO-
PILOT BEFORE ANYONE
SPOTS US!

OKAY!
AND SHE'S
RIGHT ON TIME
TOO!



WITHIN MINUTES,
TORCH AND
TORO AT THE CONTROLS
TAKE THE HUGE MAIL
PLANE INTO THE AIR!

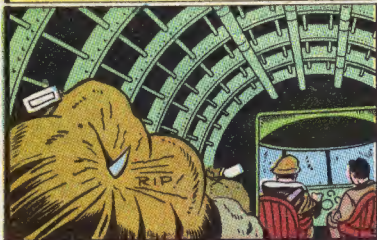
THUNDER
MOUNTAIN!
HERE WE COME!



GET SET,
KID! THERE
ARE THE CLOUD
BANKS AHEAD!

READY, TORCH!
HERE'S WHERE WE MAKE
THAT GREAT WHITE BIRD
LAY AN EGG!

WHILE WITHIN THE TAIL COMPARTMENT THE SOUND OF A KNIFE RIPPING THRU ONE OF THE MAIL SACKS, IS DROWNED BY THE ROAR OF THE MOTORS/



AND OUT OF THE SACK STEPS AN EERIE FIG-
URE KNIFE IN HAND/

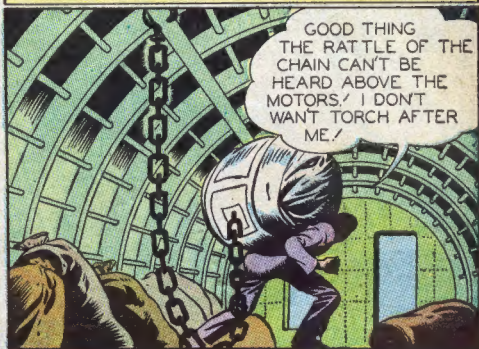


BE OVER
THUNDER MT.
SHORTLY/ AH..
HERE'S THE
MARKED SACK/

HA-HA/ THE
TORCH'LL HAVE THE
SURPRISE OF HIS
LIFE IN THE NEXT
FEW MINUTES/



STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A PARACHUTE, TYPE PACK, EXTRACTED FROM THE MAIL SACK, THE STOWAWAY ATTACHES A HOOK FROM A CHAIN TO THE GIRDERS IN THE TAIL AND MOVES TOWARD THE SAFETY DOOR.



GOOD THING
THE RATTLE OF THE
CHAIN CAN'T BE
HEARD ABOVE THE
MOTORS/ I DON'T
WANT TORCH AFTER
ME/

THEN AS THE PLANE
NOSES THRU
HEAVY CLOUD BANKS,
THE FIGURE LEAPS
FROM THE OPEN DOOR,
DROPPING THE HUGE
PACK OVERBOARD/



MEANWHILE IN THE NOSE AS THE STOWAWAY OPENS THE DOOR AND LEAPS /

THEN THE NOSE OF THE PLANE DROPS WITH A STARTLING SUDDENNESS THAT HURLS TORCH AND TORO FROM THEIR SEATS /



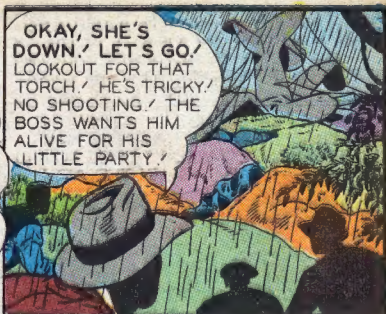
TORCH & TORO QUICKLY EXTRICATE THEMSELVES FROM THE NOSE OF THE WRECK AND CLIMB UP TO THE OPEN DOOR IN THE TAIL /





HOW WE
GONNA GET
OUT OF THIS
WRECKED CRATE
WITH THAT
RAIN?

I NEVER
INTENDED
WE SHOULD /
SOMEONE IS
WAITING FOR THE
PLANE TO FLOAT
DOWN /
WHEN IT DOES.
WE GO INTO
ACTION!



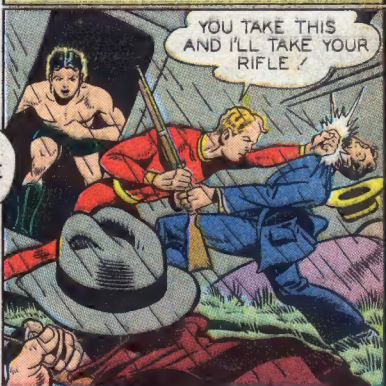
OKAY, SHE'S
DOWN! LET'S GO!
LOOKOUT FOR THAT
TORCH! HE'S TRICKY!
NO SHOOTING! THE
BOSS WANTS HIM
ALIVE FOR HIS
LITTLE PARTY!



WE'RE SUNK
IT'S RAINING
DOWN HERE
TOO!

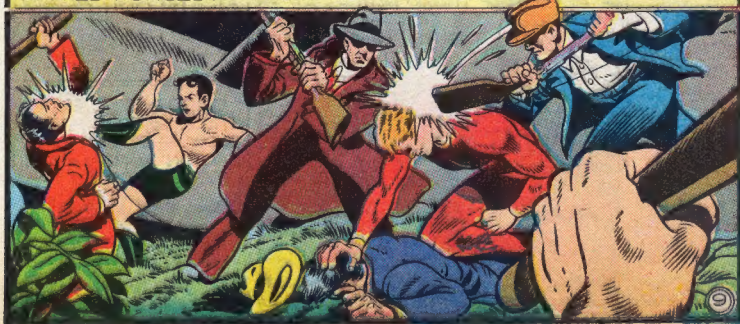
SO! A
WELCOME PARTY!
... WE ARE
OUTFOXED! COME
ON WE'LL HAVE
TO FIGHT!

IN SPITE OF THE OVERWHELMING ODDS, TORCH DASHES INTO THE BATTLE!



YOU TAKE THIS
AND I'LL TAKE YOUR
RIFLE!

TORCH & TORO GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES,
ARMED FORCES / BUT ARE SNOWED UNDER BY SUPERIOR



TORCH & TORO RECOVER SOME-
TIME LATER TO
GAPE UP IN SURPRISE AT THE
GRINNING FACE OF THE AIRLINE
MANAGER.

SO--THE PLANE
YOU CRASHED IN
WAS A PHONEY.

NOT EXACTLY! THE
FBI MAN FOUGHT
WHEN I TRIED TO KILL
HIM IN THE AIR.



WE CRASHED AND I SUFFERED
THIS BROKEN LEG! MY WATCHERS
REPORTED THE SEARCHING PART-
IES! I HAD THEM PLACE ME
DOWN WHERE I WAS FOUND! I
PLAYED DELIRIOUS! THOUGHT IT
WAS A SWELL CHANCE TO PLAY
UP THE ANGLE OF THE INDIAN
LEGEND OF THE BIRD GOD!

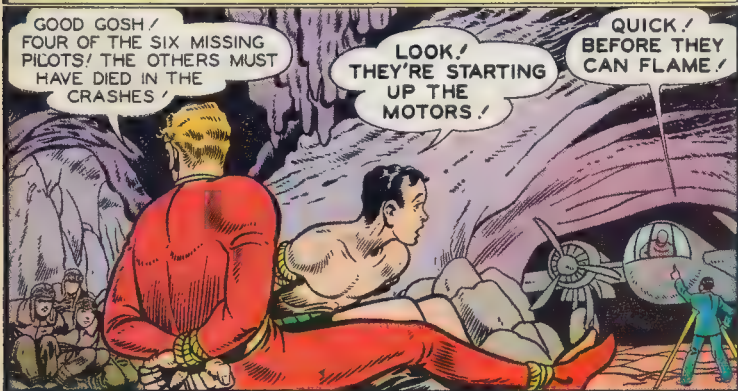


MOMENTS LATER--TORCH AND TORO ARE CARRIED INTO A
NARROW ROOFED CAVE WHERE IN THE DIM
LIGHT CAN BE SEEN FOUR EMACIATED FIGURES!

GOOD GOSH!
FOUR OF THE SIX MISSING
PILOTS! THE OTHERS MUST
HAVE DIED IN THE
CRASHES!

LOOK!
THEY'RE STARTING
UP THE
MOTORS!

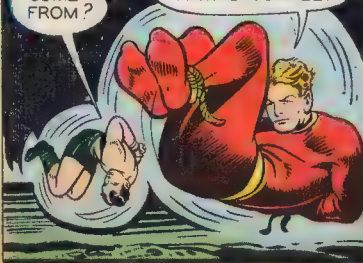
QUICK!
BEFORE THEY
CAN FLAME!



A
DEAFENING
ROAR, AND
TORCH AND
TORO ARE
BLOWN LIKE
STRAWS IN
THE WIND
ALONG THE
FLOOR OF
THE CAVE!

HEY!
WHERE DID
THAT WIND
COME
FROM?

THOSE MOTORS AT
THE ENTRANCE--THEY
TURNED THE CAVE INTO
A WIND TUNNEL!



AGAIN AND AGAIN
TORCH AND
TORO TRY TO FLAME
THEN A SICKENING
REALIZATION!

GOOD HEAVENS!
THOSE MOTORS ARE
BLOWING DEADLY
CARBON MONOXIDE GAS
INTO THE CAVE!



AND IN THAT INSTANT A DARING PLAN IS BORN IN TORCH'S FERTILE MIND!



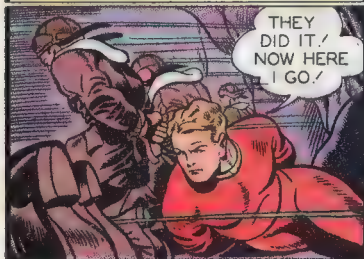
GOTTA GET MY MOUTH NEAR TORO'S EAR! I'LL TELL HIM AND HE CAN PASS IT ALONG TO THE OTHERS!

SHOUTING IN TORO'S EAR IN AN EFFORT TO MAKE HIM HEAR ABOVE THE ROARING WIND, TORCH OUTLINES HIS PLAN!

YOU FIVE MUST FORM A LIVING WALL IN FRONT OF ME TO SHIELD ME FROM THE WIND SO I CAN FLAME ON!

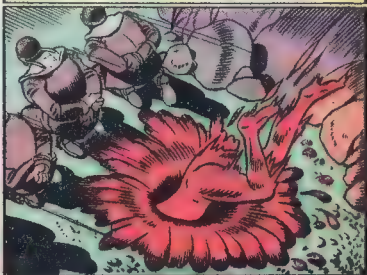


AFTER SUPERHUMAN EXERTION, TORO AND THE FOUR PILOTS FORM A WALL OF FLESH IN FRONT OF TORCH!



THEY DID IT! NOW HERE I GO!

LIKE A FIERY MOLE, TORCH BURROWS THRU THE FLOOR OF THE CAVE!



SECONDS LATER, TORCH ZOOMS FROM THE GROUND AND TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE PLANE!



NOW TO SHUT OFF THE MOTORS AND FREE TORO AND THE OTHERS!

STILL RAINING DOWN HERE! BUT IT'S CLEAR ATOP THUNDER MOUNTAIN! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THOSE KILLERS!



SO LONG, FELLAS! WE'LL SEND BACK HELP!

BURNING

THEIR WAY UP
THRU THE ROCKY
MASS OF THUNDER MOUN-
TAIN, TORCH & TORO EMERGE
INTO CLEAR SKY /

YAH-OOO!
YOU WERE RIGHT!
NO RAIN UP
HERE /

WE'LL
STAY UP HERE
UNTIL WE SPOT
THOSE KILLERS /

IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES AT
TERRIFIC SPEED TORCH
SPOTS HIS QUARRY /

HELICOPTER!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY
GOT ON AND OFF THE
MOUNTAIN /

DOWN GO TORCH & TORO IN
A FIERY PATTERN THRU
AND AROUND THE STARTLED
OCCUPANTS OF THE DOOMED
HELICOPTER TO GIVE UP /

KEEP SHOOT-
ING DON'T
SURRENDER!

OKAY TORO
GIVE 'EM THE
WORKS! THEY
ASKED FOR
IT!

THEY'RE THEY GO!
TOO BAD ALL THAT DOUGH
HAD TO BURN UP WITH
'EM /

IT DIDN'T! I GRABBED
IT WHEN I WENT THRU 'EM!
IT'S U.S. MAIL AND THE MAIL
ALWAYS GET THROUGH!

THE END!

When our servicemen return from the far flung battlefronts, they have another victory to win! The readjustment to civilian life!... They don't need tanks, they don't need guns, but they do need **YOU** to place the signposts to the road back home. Our fearless friend, **SUB-MARINER** helps show the way when he plunges in to untangle the plight of

GET SOLDIER!

The LOST SOLDIER!



HAPPINESS

ON A NEW YORK WATERFRONT BETTY DEAN IS BUSY INTERVIEWING.....

NONE OF MY FOLKS BELIEVED I COULD WALK AGAIN. I BEGAN TO THINK THAT WAS SO AND STAYED INVALID UNTIL I MET RUTH, HERE, WHO ...

...WHO PUT YOU BACK ON YOUR FEET?!

THAT'S IT!...SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO DIDN'T PITY ME! SHE'S MY BABY.

SWELL! THANKS FOR THE INTERVIEW, SOLDIER!

DON'T WALK SO FAST, JERRY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?... WON'T BE LONG UNTIL I CAN THROW AWAY THIS CANE!

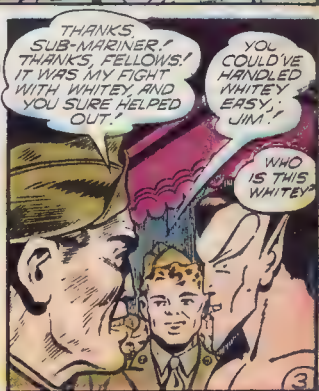
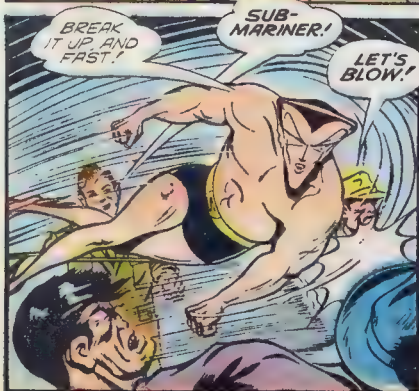
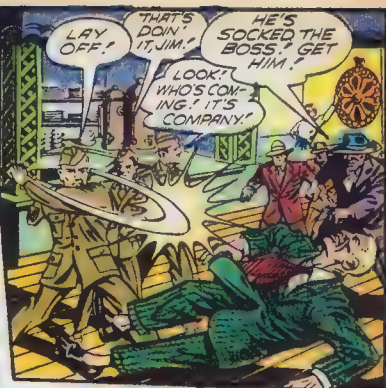
THERE'S BETTY! WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO?!

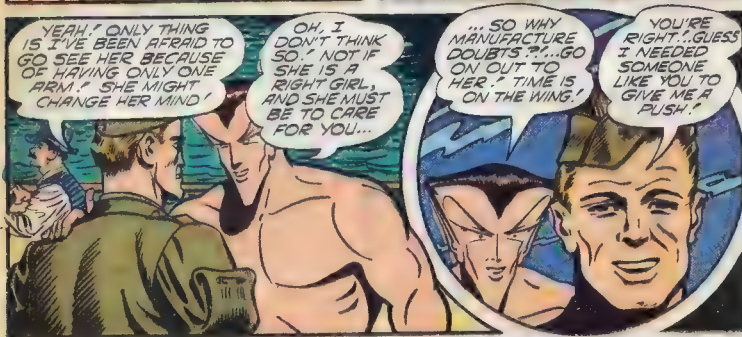
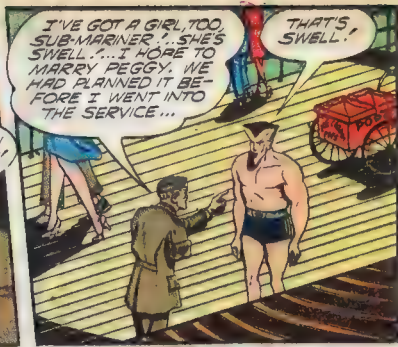
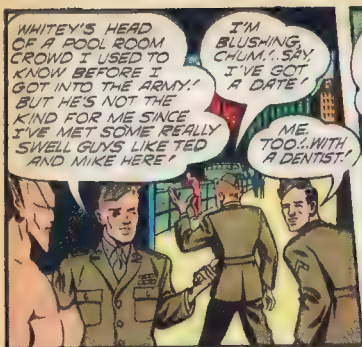
...AND I'VE BEEN INTERVIEWING WAR VETS ABOUT THEIR READJUSTMENTS TO CIVILIAN LIFE, SEEMS TO ME, NAMOR, THAT HOME FOLKS SOMETIMES UNINTENTIONALLY DO MORE HARM THAN GOOD BY GOING OVERBOARD WITH SYMPATHY FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

OF COURSE THE BOYS DON'T WANT PITY!...IT'S QUITE A PROBLEM! YOUR ARTICLES SHOULD DO SOME GOOD, BETTY!

I HOPE SO!... HEAVENS! IT'S LATE!...I MUST GET BACK TO THE OFFICE!... KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR STORIES I CAN USE, SUB-MARINER!

SURE WILL!...THINK I'LL SWIM OVER TO THE AMUSEMENT CENTER OF THE PIER...A LOT OF THE SERVICEMEN HANG OUT THERE...MAYBE I CAN PICK UP SOME-THING.





PEGGY'S UNCLE AND AUNT....

OH, YOU POOR BOY... (TSK)...

MOST UNFORTUNATE... AND YOU HAD SUCH A PROMISING FUTURE!

I STILL HAVE... THAT IS...



PEGGY'S BROTHER WHO WAS NEVER IN UNIFORM.

TOO BAD! TERRIBLE HANDICAP! ... SORRY, OLD FELLOW...

NOTHING TO BE SORRY ABOUT!



I'M GETTING OUT! I DON'T NEED PITY!

JIM! WAIT!

HOW RUDE HE IS! AND WE WERE JUST TRYING TO HELP!

DOWNCAST, JIM DASHES INTO THE STREET.



THERE'S JIM! SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL

SUB-MARINER! JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE, SIR!



I'M AN INQUIRING REPORTER... MIGHT I INQUIRE, SIR WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE PIN-UP GIRL?

UH?... ELSA, THE COW!... EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT TO...

NOW, WHERE DID JIM GO?!

23RD

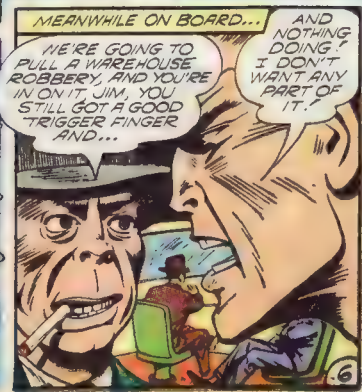
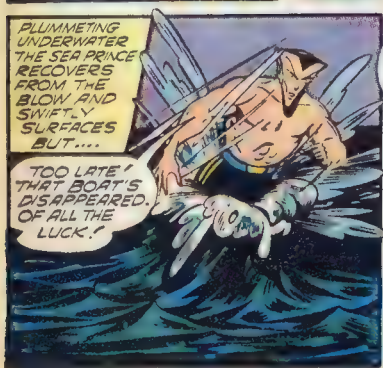
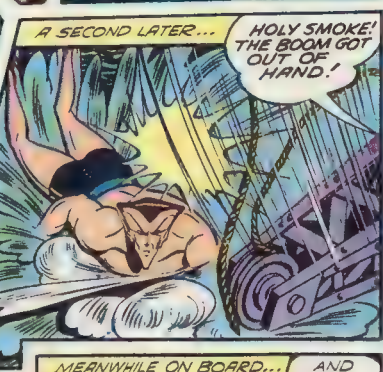
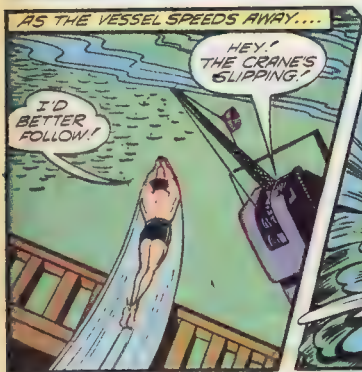
JIM HAS TURNED A CORNER AND....

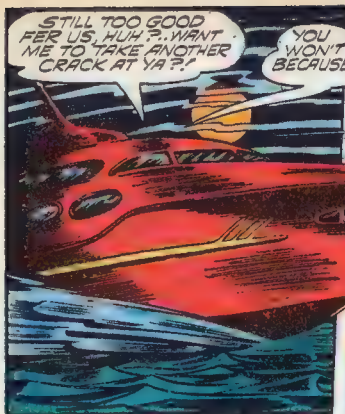


WHITEY!

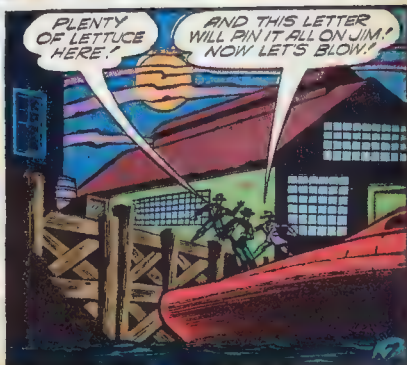
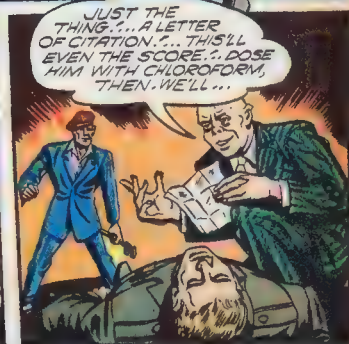
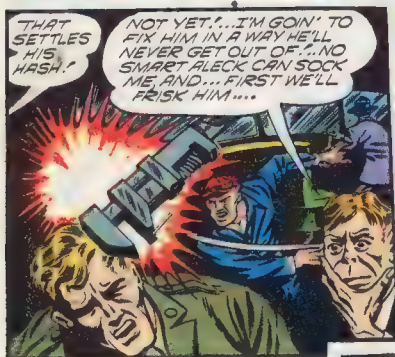
YEAH, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND!... I AIN'T SURE AND THE 'WELCOME' MAT IS STILL OUT!

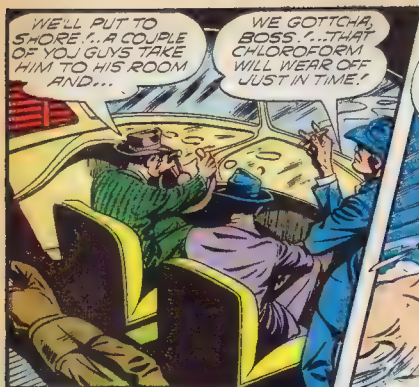
BURGESS' DELICATESSEN





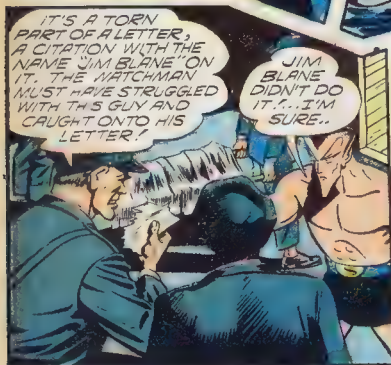
YOU WON'T BECAUSE...





WE'LL PUT TO SHORE?...A COUPLE OF YOU GUYS TAKE HIM TO HIS ROOM AND...

WE GOTTA, BOSS?...THAT CHLOROFORM WILL WEAR OFF JUST IN TIME!



IT'S A TORN PART OF A LETTER, A CITATION WITH THE NAME JIM BLANE ON IT. THE WATCHMAN MUST HAVE STRUGGLED WITH THIS GUY AND CAUGHT ONTO HIS LETTER!

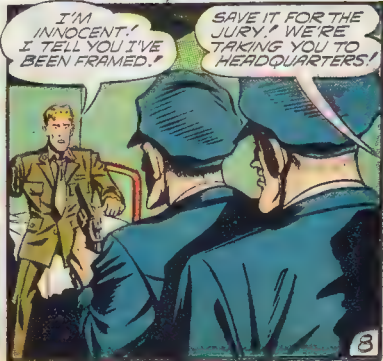
JIM BLANE DIDN'T DO IT...I'M SURE..



A LITTLE LATER...

STAY LIKE YOU ARE, BLANE.... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER!

...MY HEAD!.. WHAT DID YOU SAY...? MURDER?!



I'M INNOCENT! I TELL YOU I'VE BEEN FRAMED.

SAVE IT FOR THE JURY! WE'RE TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS!

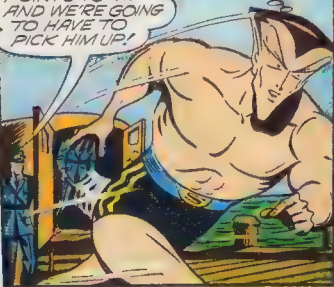
A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I STILL HAVEN'T SPOTTED THAT...HMM, POLICE?...SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED THERE...I'LL GO SEE...



THIS LOOKS LIKE WHITEY'S DOINGS. I'LL HAVE TO LOCATE HIM!

SORRY, SUB-MARINER! THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO HIM AND WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PICK HIM UP!

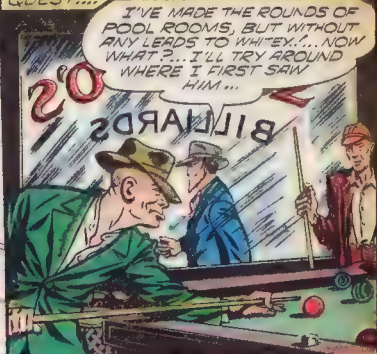


BUT IN A SUDDEN DEFT MOVE....



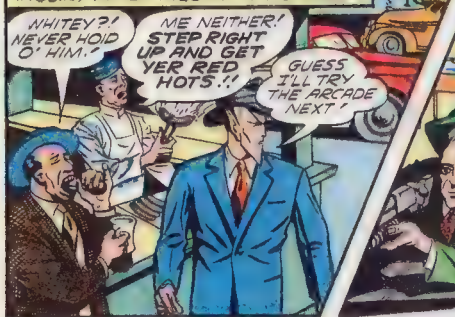
JIU JITSU! I LEARNED THAT FIGHTING JAPS... AND NOW I'M GOING AFTER THE RAT WHO FRAMED ME!

MEANWHILE SUB-MARINER CONTINUES HIS QUEST....



I'VE MADE THE ROUNDS OF POOL ROOMS, BUT WITHOUT ANY LEADS TO WHITEY... NOW WHAT?... I'LL TRY AROUND WHERE I FIRST SAW HIM...

INQUIRY AFTER INQUIRY TO NO AVAIL....

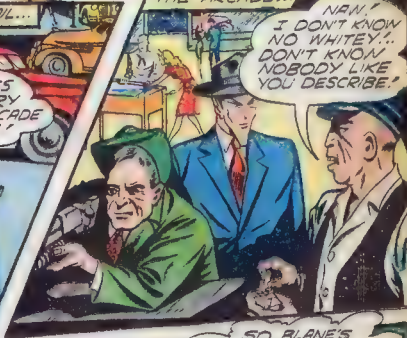


WHITEY?! NEVER HOID O' HIM.

ME NEITHER! STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YER RED HOTS!!

GUESS I'LL TRY THE ARCADE NEXT!

IN THE POTPOURRI OF THE ARCADE....



NAN! I DON'T KNOW NO WHITEY!.. DON'T KNOW NOBODY LIKE YOU DESCRIBE!

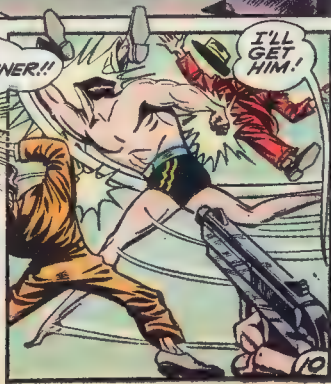
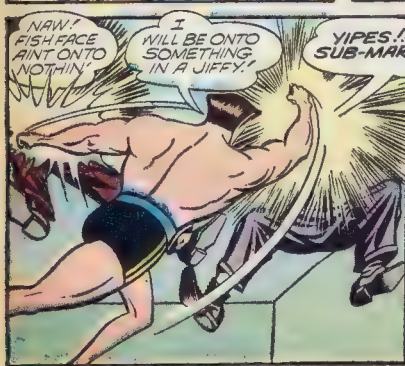
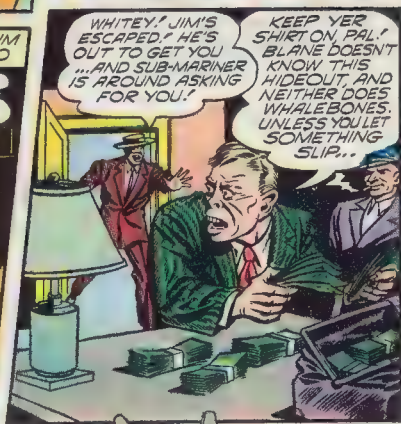
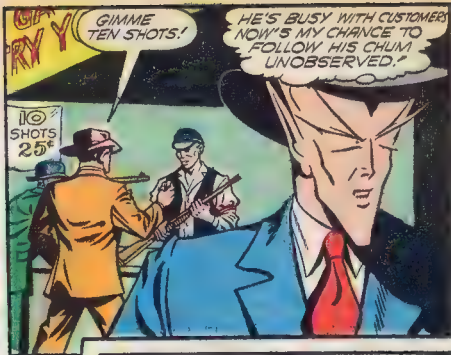
NEWS FLASH!... JIM BLANE, ACCUSED OF MURDER, HAS ESCAPED FROM THE POLICE!... AS HE FLED HE THREATENED THE LIFE OF SOMEONE HE SAID FRAMED HIM....



OH, OH! I'VE GOT TO FIND WHITEY BEFORE JIM DOES!

SO BLANE'S LOOSE!... BETTER WARN WHITEY!... GOOD, THE NOSEY FISH FACE GOT HIS BACK TURNED!





BUT THE AGILE AQUA PRINCE IS QUICKER!

THE
LAUNCH
QUICK!

HURRY! HOP
IN! I'M PRESSING
THE BUTTON!

THE DESPERATE JIM MAKES A DARING
LEAP....

IN AN INSTANT THE PLATFORM SHOOTS
TO THE SURFACE, AND THEN....

NOW, LET'S
SPEED AWAY! I
GOT THE WAREHOUSE
DOUGH...AND WE
CAN SPLIT!

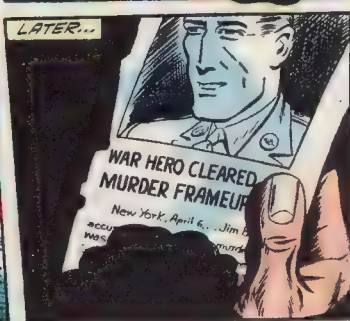
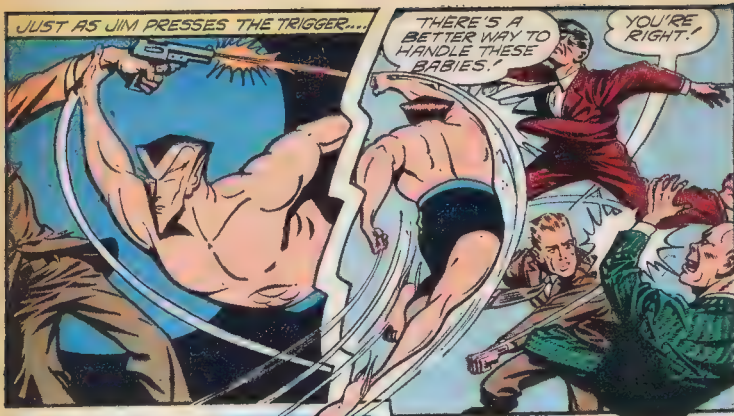
LOOK!
THERE'S
JIM
BLANE!

NOW IT'S MY TURN
TO SQUARE THINGS!
I'M AN EXPERT PISTOL
SHOT.

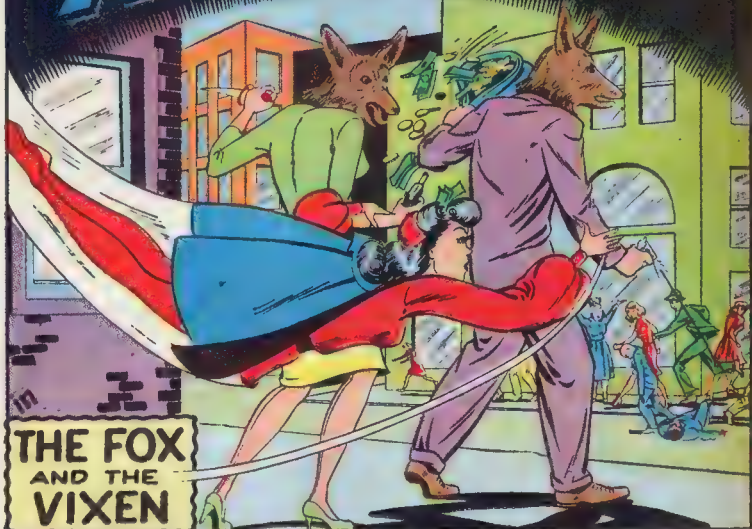
AT THE SAME TIME
SUB-MARINER
ROCKETS TO
THE SURFACE.

SO YOU
FRAMED ME! EH,
WHITEY?...AAH! IT'S
A PLEASURE TO
SEE YOU SQUIRM!
HERE GOES,
PAL??!!

N-NO!!
D-DON'T
SHOOT!!
N-NO!!
N-N-NO!!
DON'T!!



Miss AMERICA



THE FOX AND THE VIXEN

MADeline JOYCE STOPS AT THE SUBURBAN POST OFFICE NEAR HER LONG ISLAND HOME!

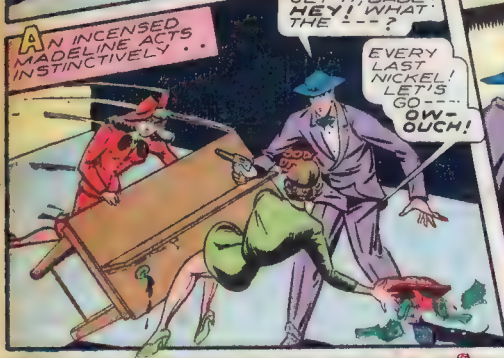
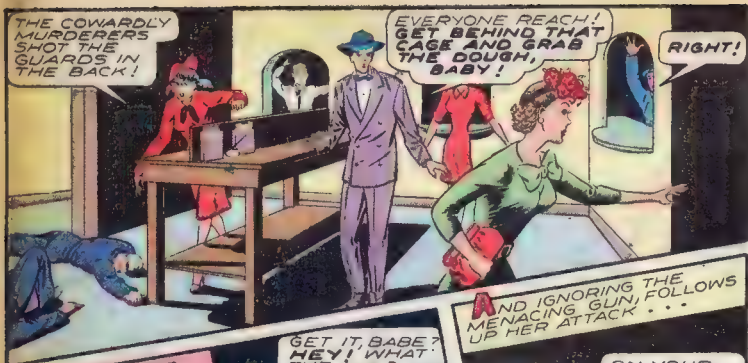
GOOD MORNING, MR. BLIVENS! SOMETHING WRONG?

HELLO, MADELINE! OH, THE ARMED GUARDS YOU MEAN?

BEEN ASSIGNED HERE SINCE WE'RE CASHING GOVERNMENT CHECKS FOR SOLDIERS!

OH!





AND IGNORING THE MENACING GUN, FOLLOWS UP HER ATTACK...



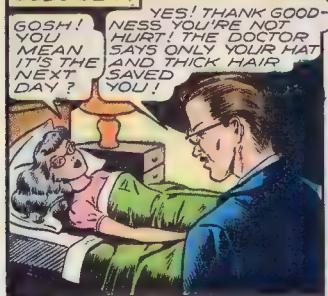
UNABLE TO CONTINUE SHOOTING FOR FEAR OF HITTING HIS COMPANION, THE KILLER SWINGS HIS BUTTED GUN...



AND SCURRIES AWAY, CONCERNED ONLY WITH HIS OWN SKIN AS THE HOLDUP ALARM GOES OFF...



MADELINE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, TO FIND HERSELF AT HOME, AND A WORRIED UNCLE JIM AT HER BEDSIDE...



GOSH! YOU MEAN IT'S THE NEXT DAY?

YES! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE NOT HURT! THE DOCTOR SAYS ONLY YOUR HAT AND THICK HAIR SAVED YOU!

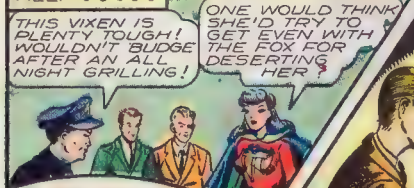
LATER THAT DAY, AFTER UNCLE JIM HAD GONE TO HIS OFFICE...



I'M JOINING THE SEARCH! OR SHOULD I SAY, MISS AMERICA IS?

STAR
POST OFFICE ROBBER CAPED CRIMINAL
IN SIGHT ON THE GREAT CRIME ANNALS
THIS MORNING'S KILLER
"THE FOX"

THE POSTAL, F. B. I. AND POLICE CHIEFS WELCOME MISS AMERICA TO A CONFERENCE AFTER HER CONTACTING THEM AND OFFERING TO HELP...



THIS VIXEN IS PLENTY TOUGH! WOULDN'T BUDGE AFTER AN ALL NIGHT GRILLING!

ONE WOULD THINK SHE'D TRY TO GET EVEN WITH THE FOX FOR DESERTING HER!

SHE KNOWS WHERE THE FOX IS HID-ING OUT!

I MAY

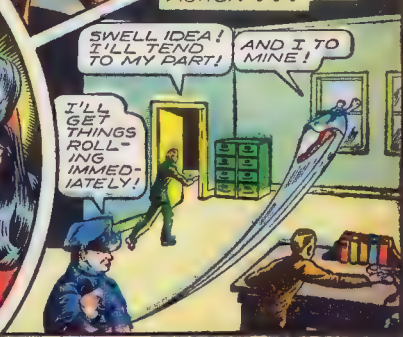
SHE'LL PROTECT THAT RAT, NO MATTER WHAT! CALL IT LOVE OR LOYALTY!



WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT LOVE AND LOYALTY GAVE ME THE IDEA! IT MAY WORK! HERE'S THE PLAN, GENTLEMEN!



MINUTES LATER, THE ELATED TRIO OF CHIEFS ARE IN ACTION...



SWELL IDEA! I'LL TEND TO MY PART!

AND I TO MINE!

I'LL GET THINGS ROLL-ING IMMEDIATELY!

LATER THAT SAME DAY, MISS AMERICA WATCHES THE VIXEN ENTER FEDERAL COURT TO BE ARRAIGNED...

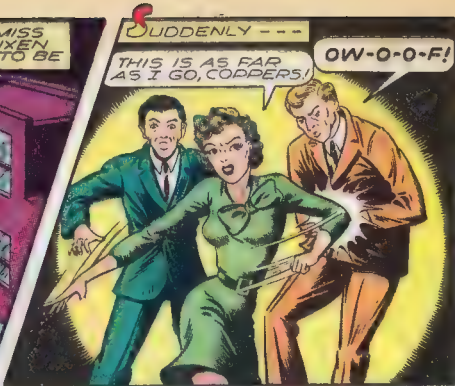
HER TWO GUARDS APPEAR NERVOUS! HOPE THEY DON'T UPSET OUR PLANS!



SUDDENLY ---

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, COPPERS!

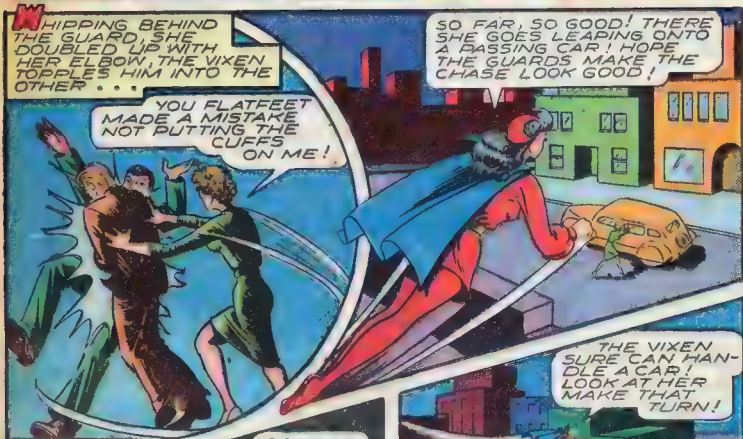
OW-O-O-F!



WHIPPING BEHIND THE GUARD, SHE DOUBLED UP WITH HER ELBOW, THE VIXEN TOPPLES HIM INTO THE OTHER...

YOU FLATFEET MADE A MISTAKE NOT PUTTING THE CUFFS ON ME!

SO FAR, SO GOOD! THERE SHE GOES LEAPING ONTO A PASSING CAR! HOPE THE GUARDS MAKE THE CHASE LOOK GOOD!

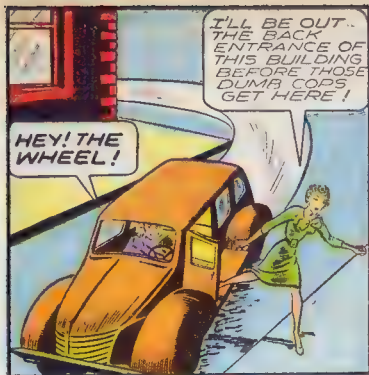


THE VIXEN SURE CAN HANDLE A CAR! LOOK AT HER MAKE THAT TURN!

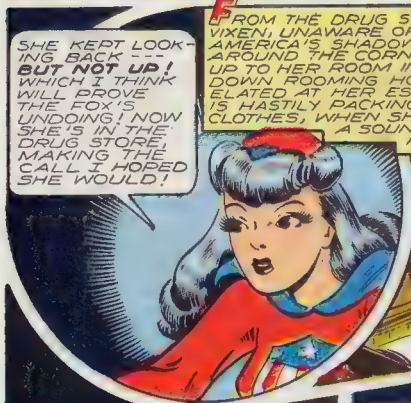
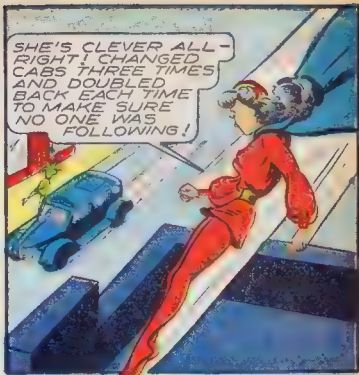
HEY! GET OFF! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

SCRAM, NISTER, I'M TAKING OVER!





I'LL BE OUT THE BACK ENTRANCE OF THIS BUILDING BEFORE THOSE DUMB COPS GET HERE!

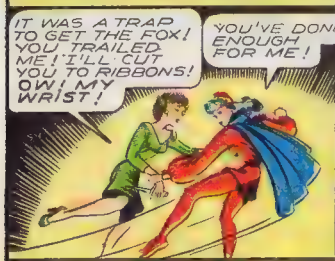


SHE KEPT LOOKING BACK --- BUT NOT UP! WHICH I THINK WILL PROVE THE FOX'S UNDOING! NOW SHE'S IN THE DRUG STORE, MAKING THE CALL I HOPED SHE WOULD!

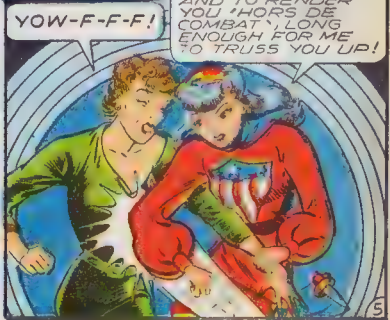
FROM THE DRUG STORE, THE VIXEN, UNAWARE OF MISS AMERICA'S SHADOW, DARTS AROUND THE CORNER AND UP TO HER ROOM IN A RUIN DOWN ROOMING HOUSE! ELATED AT HER ESCAPE, SHE IS HASTILY PACKING HER CLOTHES, WHEN SHE HEARS A SOUND BEHIND HER...

EXCUSE ME, DEARIE, FOR BARGING IN --- BUT I AM SO ANXIOUS TO MEET THE FOX!

MISS AMERICA NIMBLY SIDESTEPS THE SUDDEN VICIOUS LUNGE OF THE VIXEN...

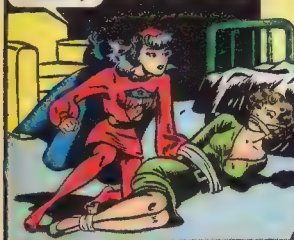


YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH FOR ME!



JUST SO YOU' CAN FEEL LIKE THE GUARD, DEARIE! AND TO RENDER YOU 'HORS DE COMBAT', LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TRUSS YOU UP!

SORRY TO MUSS
YOUR NOT-SO-
IMMACULATE
COUCH! -- A SIGNAL!?
THE FOX GOT HERE
FRIST!



TENSING FOR BATTLE,
MISS AMERICA THROWS
WIDE THE DOOR AND
GASPS IN SURPRISE...

YOU'RE
NOT THE
FOX!?

WHAT THE --?
MISS
AMERICA?

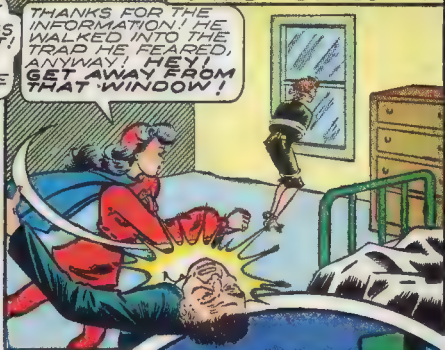


UNOBSERVED, THE VIXEN SUCCEEDS
IN STAGGERING TO HER FEET AND
TOWARD THE WINDOW...

WHERE'S THE
FOX, RAT?
SPEAK UP
OR I'LL ---!

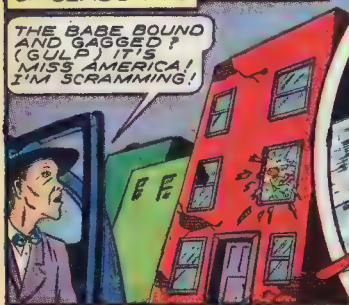
HE'S WAIT-
ING IN A
CAR ACROSS
THE STREET!
HE SENT
ME UP TO
MAKE SURE
IT WASN'T
A TRAP!

THANKS FOR THE
INFORMATION! HE
WALKED INTO THE
TRAP HE FEARED,
ANYWAY! HEY!
GET AWAY FROM
THAT WINDOW!

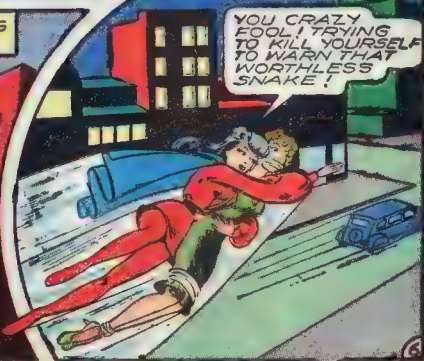


DOWN BELOW, THE WAITING
FOX WHIRLS TO A CRASH
OF GLASS...

THE BABE BOUND
AND GAGGED?
(GULP) IT'S
MISS AMERICA!
I'M SCRAMMING!



YOU CRAZY
FOOL! TRYING
TO KILL YOURSELF
TO WARN THAT
WORTHLESS
SNAKE!



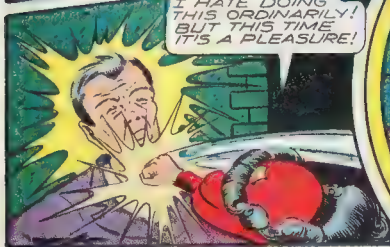
I'M NOT LEAVING YOU BEHIND! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A FRONT SEAT AT THE BOYFRIEND'S WATERLOO!



A SERIES OF LIGHTNING DIVES AND DIZZY WHIRLS, BEFUDDLES THE TERRIFIED FOX AND HE LOSES CONTROL OF THE WHEEL...



CORNERED LIKE A RAT, THE FOX IN PANIC, SHOOTSWILDLY WITH TRAGIC RESULTS...



THE END

SUSPICIOUS OF HIMSELF

PUTTING the pick aside, Pat moved back into the welcome shade of the woods bordering the little gully, into which hot sunlight poured brightly. His eyes felt gritty and red as he watched his partner's suspicious face.

"Trouble with you, Tim, is you don't trust anyone but yourself." Pat wiped sweat out of his eyebrows. "You've got a bug in your head over something or other. Why, I don't know."

"Bug nothing!" Tim snorted angrily, climbing up out of the inferno of the gully. "If I'm any judge of ore, this stuff here will pay off plenty."

Pat shrugged. "You don't know any more than I do. You won't have it assayed for fear someone will find out about it. Me, I don't know much about it. But unless you get over being suspicious, we'll never know what we've got, or get anything for it. The sooner we cash in and sell," Pat continued, "the sooner I'll be able to get out of here and away from you. A couple weeks more and you'll have me looking under the bed nights!"

IT HAD been like this almost since they'd made their find, Pat realized restlessly. He was finally beginning to feel he couldn't stand much more.

Tim was a swell guy. He worked hard, would go to almost any extent to carry out their hopes and ambitions. But Pat was suspicious. Tim had never known it before, although he'd known Pat a long time.

He went for last-minute rounds at night, totting a six gun. He jumped at the least noise in the night. If a rock were dislodged unexpectedly and rattled down the gully during the day when they were at work, Tim's hand would flash to the gun on his hip. Although he never found anyone, he never lost his sense of alertness.

Now Pat dusted his jeans off. "I'm going back. And don't forget—Mr. Stubbs will arrive this afternoon. For the love of Pete, let me talk to him. If you get jumpy we're likely to have to explain how come you shot first and inquired afterward."

Pat hurried back through the woods a quarter mile to where the cabin stood. Methodically he cooked supper. Half an hour later Tim stalked in, stood looking back into the surrounding hills

before leaning his rifle in a corner near the table.

"I'm going into town," Pat announced. "I told you Mr. Stubbs represents a big mining concern up north. If he thinks this ore is as good as you do, he'll probably buy us out. If he doesn't get shot first!"

But in town a half hour later Pat discovered his carefully laid plans had gone wrong. Mr. Stubbs had arrived. But he was not at the depot. Pat walked down the dusty street, stopped at the post office, a favorite meeting place for the villagers. Mr. Stubbs was not there. Nor was he at the frame hotel, or the barber shop. At the general store Chris Cummings frowned.

"Nobody here, Pat. Got a buyer for your claim?"

Pat nodded, walked out. Chris was probably thinking of the money Pat and Tim owed for supplies. And still Mr. Stubbs was missing. Uneasily Pat headed back into the hills.

IT WAS almost sundown when Pat reached the cabin, to discover Tim squatting on the ground behind a pine tree, peering away along the tan-bark trail into the growing darkness.

Tim whirled to his feet when Pat spoke. "Oh," Tim growled, relief in his voice. "It's you. Good thing you spoke."

"Put the gun down," Pat ordered. "Are you nuts? I've heard of guys going off their beam when they ran into something rich. If this is rich," He waited a minute tensely, till Tim lowered the rifle grudgingly. Pat said, "I didn't find Mr. Stubbs. He wasn't in the village."

Tim peered at his partner closely. "Little, short guy, was he? Moustache—"

"How would I know—". Pat felt his body going tense. "Tim! If you gummed the works up again I'll crown you!"

"Somebody was snooping," Tim growled defensively. "I asked him his business and he wouldn't say a word."

"That does it!" Pat snapped. "The way you'd ask anyone would be enough to scare them away. As of now, Tim, I'm through! The next thing I know you'll be taking a shot at me. Count me out!"

Pat carried out his threat to the point of reaching the village the following morning. But there he found a letter waiting.

It stated briefly that Mr. Worth would be down on the 18th to inspect the mine. It was understood they wished to sell, and if the ore assayed at good value, the owners would be made an offer. The letter bore the heading of a large mining corporation.

Reluctantly Pat returned to the cabin. Tim met him at the door, grinning a little. "Back, eh?" Tim cracked. "I thought you were through."

"I am," Pat snapped. "But we've got another prospect. This time I warn you, Tim. You stay out at the gully till I've talked to this man. After that I'll tell you all about it."

ON THE 18th Mr. Worth arrived. Pat met him at the train, took him out to the cabin. There Pat showed a sample of the ore he and Tim had taken from the gully, watched uneasily as Mr. Worth examined it, scowling a lot, even muttering under his breath. Finally he turned to Tim and shook his head.

"Sorry," Mr. Worth announced. "This ore is almost worthless. Didn't you have it assayed?"

"N-no," Pat was forced to admit. "My partner figured it was pretty rich."

"Your partner is mistaken." Again Mr. Worth studied the samples. He said, "We might take it off your hands, but I'm afraid we can't pay much for your claim. I am authorized to make you an offer, but I think you will be disappointed!"

For a brief space of time Pat felt his head spinning. Months of work and hope were blowing up before his eyes. His throat was dry as he asked, "How—how much will your company pay?"

Again Mr. Worth studied the samples, and as he did so Pat held his breath. If he could get anything at all—anything . . .

"Five thousand dollars. Tops."

For a long moment Pat hesitated. He remembered vividly the weeks of work, the toil and nervous strain, the blisters and backaches. They had pooled their small savings at the start, had prospected the hills for months before discovering their present claim. They had had to get supplies on the cuff—dynamite for blasting, food, and tools. They had bills to pay now, and by the time they got those paid off, there would be little left. And Tim—when he discovered the truth—

"Sold," Pat answered hoarsely.

And Mr. Worth had the papers and a pen out. Pat's hand trembled as he signed. Poor Tim. . .

TIM appeared in the doorway, to ask, "What's going on, Pat?"

Unwillingly Pat explained. And when he was through there was silence until unexpectedly Tim said sharply to Mr. Worth, "You say the ore isn't worth much?"

Pat spun swiftly. "Cut it out, Tim. I told you before—"

Tim growled, "This guy's a fake. While you were talking business with him, I rode into the village and had this ore assayed. It's worth plenty! He heard about it somehow—probably wrote you to make it look official, came down here to buy us out far next to nothing!"

Mr. Worth's hand dipped into his pocket, came out holding a revolver. His face was set, hard. "It's too late. Your partner signed over your claim to me. It is legal and there is nothing you can do!"

There followed brief silence. Pat felt sweat popping all over him. He had been a chump, had led with his chin. He'd been too anxious to sell and as a result had let their claim go for almost nothing. And it was legal! Desperately Pat looked at his partner—

Tim's body bunched, flashed forward. The gun in Mr. Worth's hand blasted but Pat had hurled himself upon the fake mining expert in time to smash the weapon aside. They crashed against the table, struggling fiercely till Pat untangled himself, got in a smashing punch. Mr. Worth sagged to the floor.

SIDE by side Tim and Pat looked down. Then Tim knelt, slipped out the papers Pat had signed and dropped them into the wood stove.

"That," Tim said gently, "is that. Good thing I had that ore assayed finally. And got back before this crook beat it!"

Pat found his voice with difficulty. "You and your suspicion. It's a wonder you haven't suspected me by now."

Tim chuckled. "I have," he admitted. "I've often suspected you of not being suspicious enough. After I get my dough out of this thing you can sell to anyone you want. Till then, for the love of Pete, be careful who you do business with!"

THE END

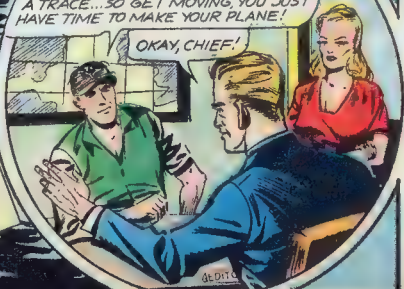
THE PATRIOT



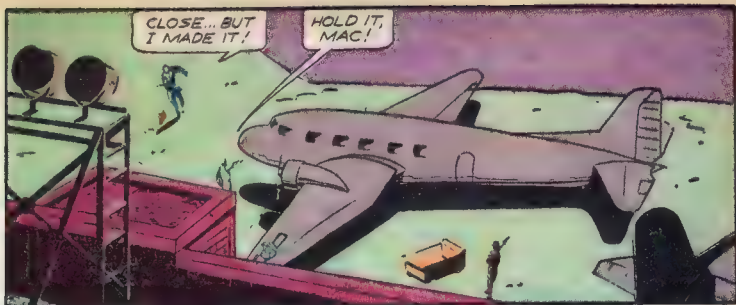
BATTLESHIPS DISAPPEARING MYSTERIOUSLY WITHOUT A TRACE... DEATH STRIKING WITHOUT WARNING, OUR NAVAL OFFICIALS AND CREWS ALIKE! SUCH WAS THE PALL THAT HUNG LIKE A GHASTLY SHROUD OVER THE PACIFIC! UNTIL THE PATRIOT TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE AND RENT ASIDE THE VEIL OF MYSTERY, STRIKING STARK TERROR INTO THE MERCILESS, BLACK-HEARTED SONS OF THE SETTING SUN IN THE BAFFLING CASE OF **DEATH STRIKES FROM THE DEEP!**

JEFF, I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO THE PACIFIC AREA TO GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS BATTLESHIP SCANDAL! OUR SHIPS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING AT AN AMAZING RATE WITHOUT A TRACE... SO GET MOVING, YOU JUST HAVE TIME TO MAKE YOUR PLANE!

OKAY, CHIEF!



GEORGE



CLOSE... BUT
I MADE IT!

HOLD IT,
MAC!

SOME TIME LATER,
OVER THE PACIFIC...

VASTLY OUT NUMBERED THE TRANSPORT CREW
DOWNS ZERO AFTER ZERO...

ZEROS COMING
IN AT 3 O'CLOCK,
SIR!

I SEE THEM...
FIRE AT WILL!

BULLS EYE... CHALK
ANOTHER ONE UP
FOR UNCLE SAM!



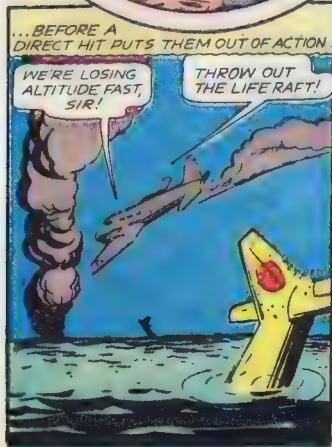
...BEFORE A
DIRECT HIT PUTS THEM OUT OF ACTION

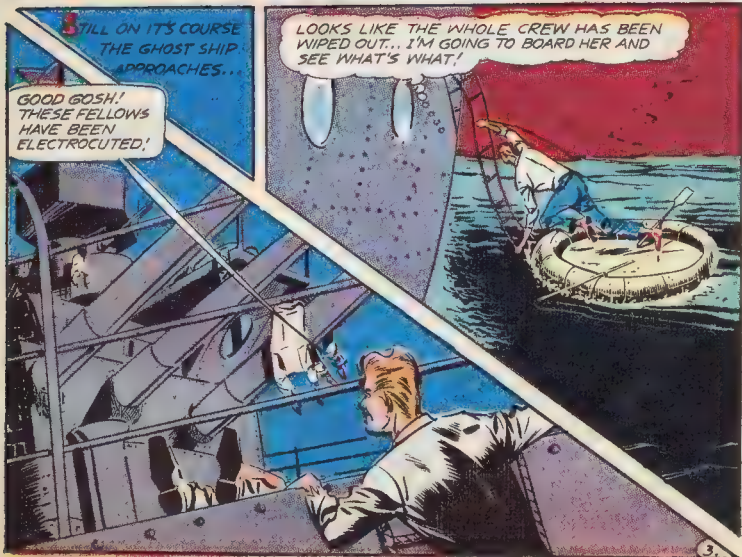
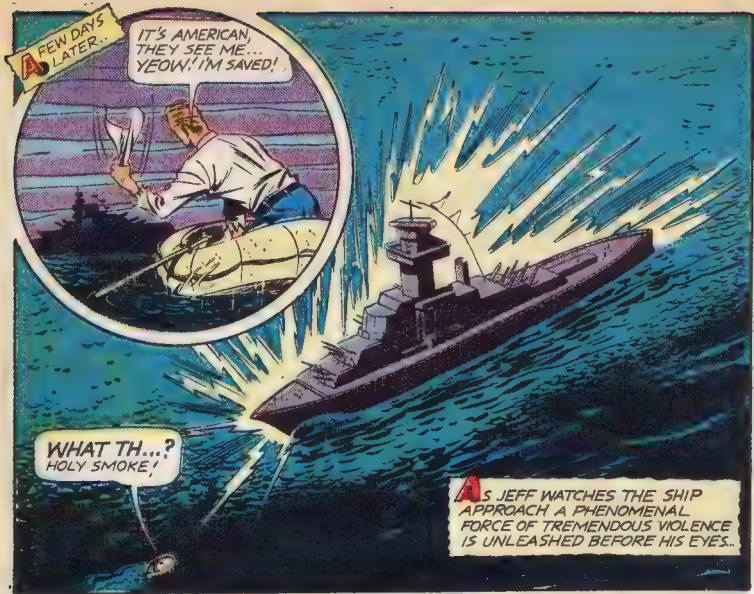
WE'RE LOSING
ALTITUDE FAST,
SIR!

THROW OUT
THE LIFE RAFT!

THE JAPS
MERCILESSLY
MACHINEGUN
THE REMAINING
SURVIVORS... ALL
BUT ONE JEFF MACE...

YOU MURDERING
DEVILS WILL PAY
FOR THIS!



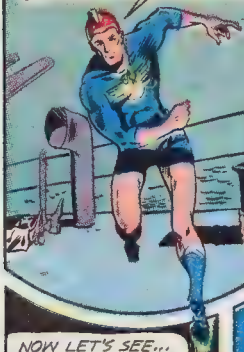


BEFORE JEFF'S
STARTLED EYES
A HUGE STRANGE
UNDER-SEA CRAFT
RISES FROM THE
DEPTHS.....

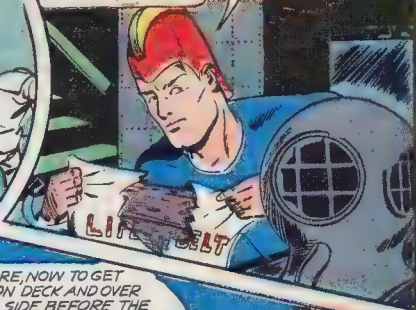
HMM... LOOKS LIKE THINGS
ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE
SENSE AT LAST... IF MY
HUNCH IS RIGHT THIS LOOKS
LIKE A JOB FOR THE PATRIOT!



NOW THERE'S SOMETHING I NEED
AND I THINK I'LL FIND IT BELOW!



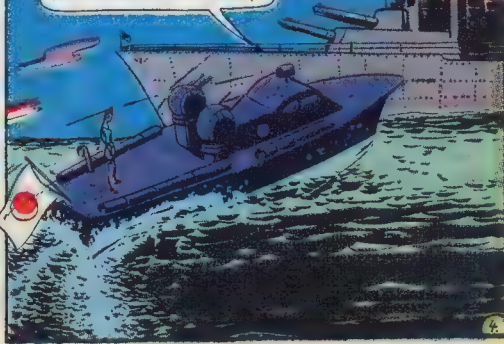
IT'S A GOOD THING I FOUND THIS
DIVING HELMET... NOW I NEED SOME
CORK FROM THIS LIFE-BELT IF MY
PLAN IS TO WORK!

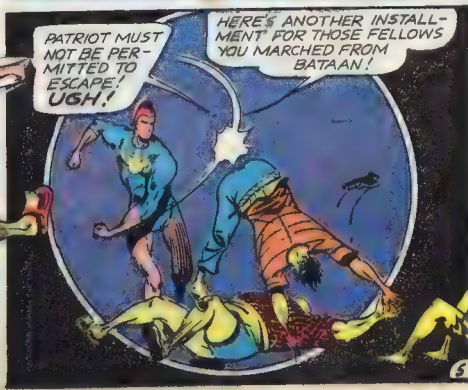
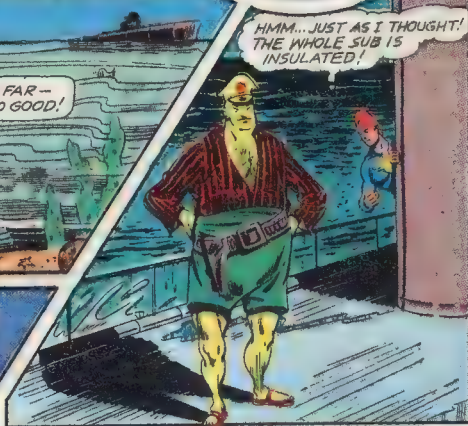
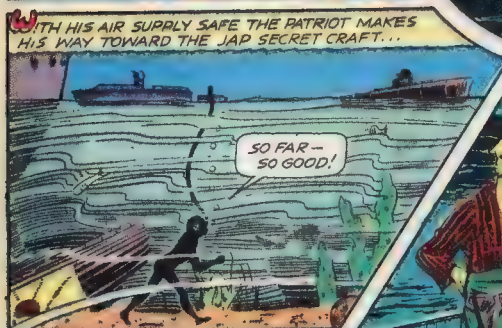
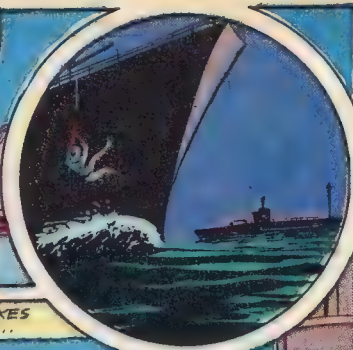
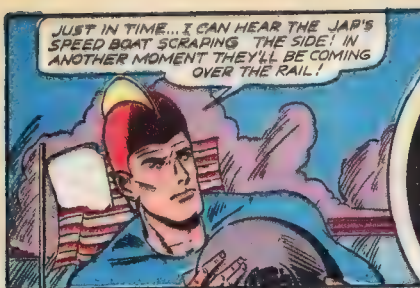


NOW LET'S SEE...
ABOUT FIFTY FOOT
OF HOSE IS ALL I
NEED!



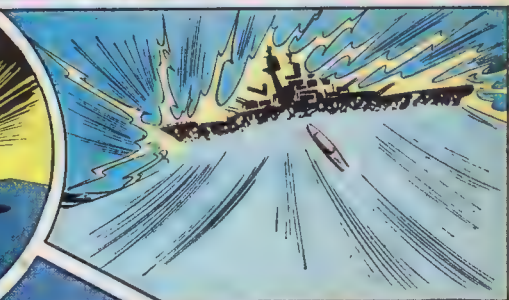
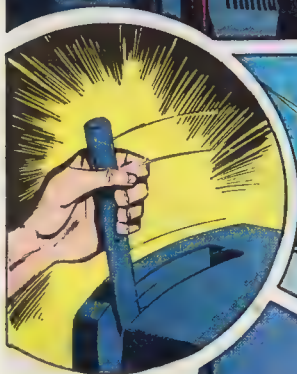
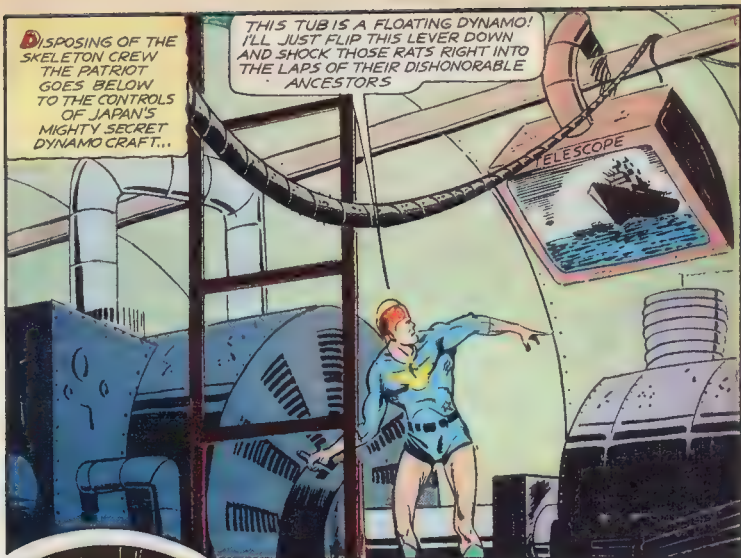
THERE, NOW TO GET
UP ON DECK AND OVER
THE SIDE BEFORE THE
NIPS FIND OUT I'M HERE!



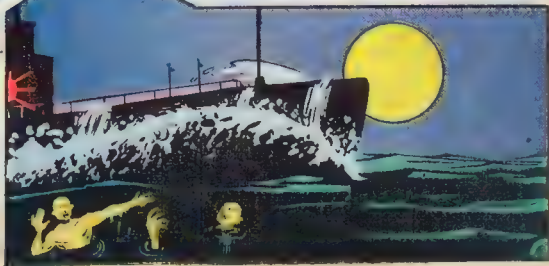


DISPOSING OF THE SKELETON CREW THE PATRIOT GOES BELOW TO THE CONTROLS OF JAPAN'S MIGHTY SECRET DYNAMO CRAFT...

THIS TUB IS A FLOATING DYNAMO! I'LL JUST FLIP THIS LEVER DOWN AND SHOCK THOSE RATS RIGHT INTO THE LAPS OF THEIR DISHONORABLE ANCESTORS



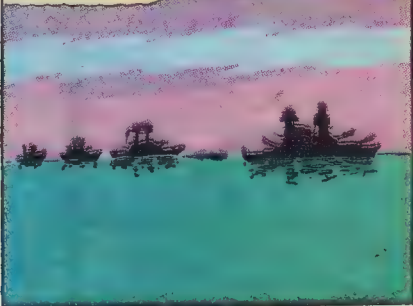
FILLING THE BALLAST TANKS...THE PATRIOT SUBMERGES THE CRAFT, WASHING THE REMAINING CREWMEN FROM ITS DECKS...



SOMETIME LATER, THE PATRIOT SIGNALS HIS LOCATION TO NAVAL UNITS PATROLING THE AREA...

THEY'VE PICKED UP MY FREQUENCY AND ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PICK ME UP!

SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC FINDS SHIPS OF THE AMERICAN FLEET ON THEIR WAY TO MEET THE PATRIOT...



CONGRATULATIONS, PATRIOT... THIS SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF OUR MISSING BATTLE-SHIPS! THE CAPTURE OF THIS JAP SECRET WEAPON AND THE RESCUE OF OUR SHIP SINGLE HANDED IS UNIQUE IN MARITIME HISTORY!

I'M PROUD TO HAVE BEEN OF SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY, SIR!

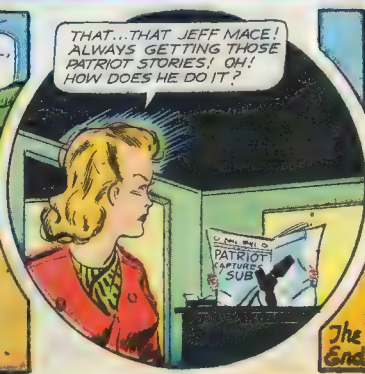
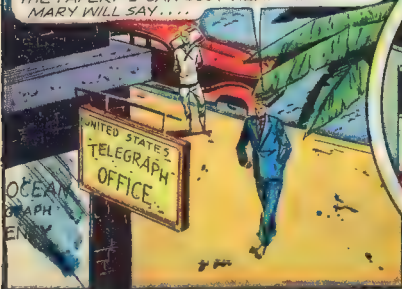


ABOARD THE CAPTURED SUBMARINE...

LATER... IN HAWAII!

WELL HERE I AM ON GOOD OL' U.S.A. SOIL, I'D BETTER FILE MY EXCLUSIVE STORY WITH THE PAPER! I CAN JUST HEAR WHAT MARY WILL SAY...

THAT... THAT JEFF MACE! ALWAYS GETTING THOSE PATRIOT STORIES! OH! HOW DOES HE DO IT?



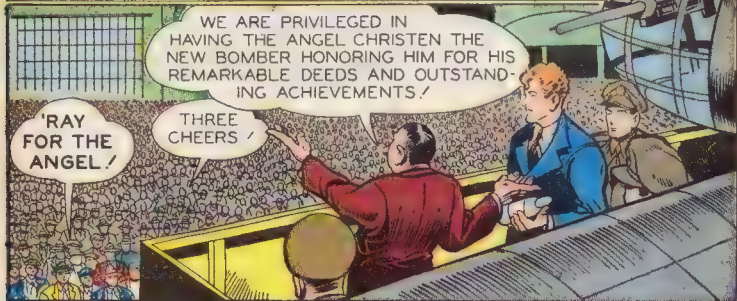
The End

The ANGEL

THE BRUTALITY AND WANTON SLAUGHTER INFLICTED ON HELPLESS AND INNOCENT PEOPLE BY THE CRUEL AND INHUMAN JAPS HAS MARKED A BLACK PAGE IN HISTORY! FROM THE RANKS OF THE AROUSED UNITED NATIONS HAVE COME MANY HEROES TO DO OUTSTANDING DEEDS IN CHAMPIONING HUMANITY'S FIGHT AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL JAPANESE AGRESSOR! AND OF SUCH STUFF IS THE ANGEL--FEARED BY THE WILY JAP WHO KNOWS WELL THAT HIS CHANCES OF CARRYING OUT CRUEL AND INSIDIOUS SCHEMES ARE DOOMED TO FAILURE WHEN OUR HERO IS ON THE TRAIL! ONCE AGAIN THE ANGEL MATCHES WITS WITH THE RANKING NIP SABOTAGE BRAINS IN "CARGO OF DOOM!"

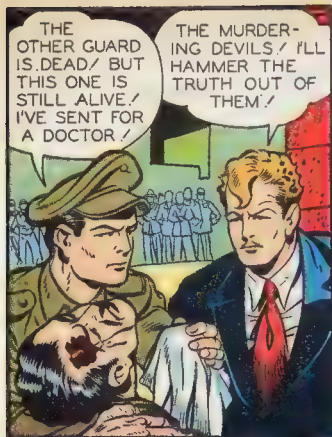


THE AIRFIELD OF A HUGE PLANE PLANT ON OUR WEST COAST.



SUDDENLY
THE WAILING
OF AN ALARM
SIREN INTERRUPTS
THE CEREMONY...





THE ANGEL'S PUZZLING OF THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF THE JAPS IS INTERRUPTED! WHEN THE WOUNDED GUARD SENDS FOR HIM...



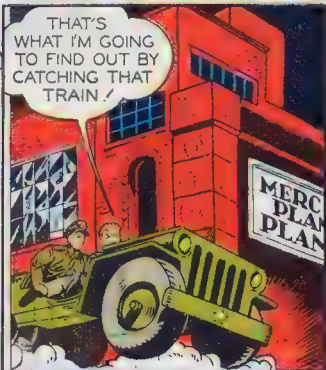
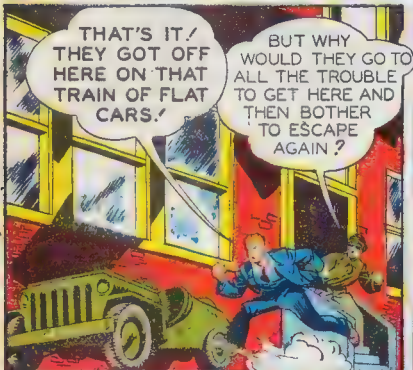
SEARCHING THE GIANT PLANE PLANT REVEALS NO TRACE OF THE FOUR OTHER JAPS. / THE ANGEL WAITS WITH THE PLANT OFFICIALS AS THE SEARCHERS' REPORT PUZZLES THE BAFFLING SITUATION. /

NOT A SIGN OF 'EM. / THE THREE WE CAPTURED CREATED EXCITEMENT SO THE OTHERS COULD GET INTO THE PLANT. /

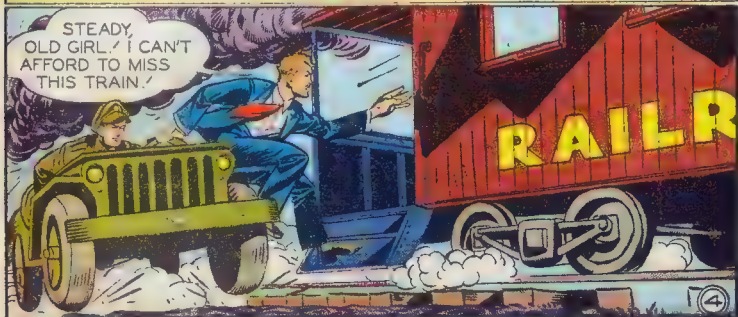
HEY! / I THINK I GOT IT! / --THOSE TRAINS! /

QUICK! / DO YOU KNOW IF ANY OF THOSE TRAINS LEFT THE PLANT SINCE THE EXCITEMENT AT THE GATE? /

WHY... YES! / A BATCH OF PLANES LEFT FOR THE DOCKS A FEW MINUTES AGO ON THE FLAT CARS! /



THE ANGEL COAXING EVERY LAST OUNCE OF SPEED FROM THE STURDY JEEP, CATCHES THE FREIGHT WITH- IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. /



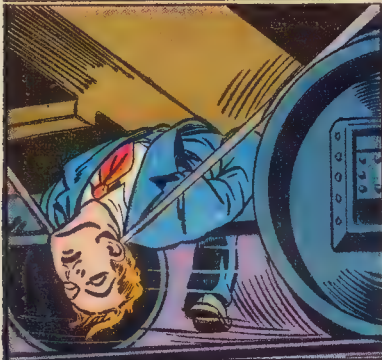


A DESPERATE CONCERTED RUSH OF THE JAPS IS TOO MUCH FOR THE VALIANTLY BATTLING ANGEL!

THE JAP LEADER KICKS THE UNCONSCIOUS ANGEL OVER AND DOWN BETWEEN TWO CARS OF THE SPEEDING TRAIN!



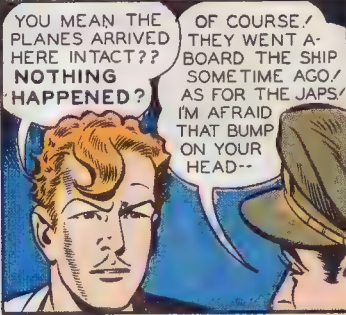
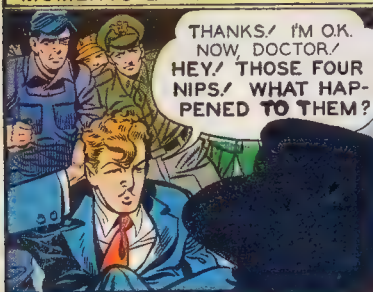
UNKNOWN TO THE BRUTAL JAPS, A KIND FATE WORKS A MIRACLE, AND THE FALLING BODY OF THE ANGEL IS CAUGHT BY THE SWAYING COUPLING CHAIN BEFORE IT CAN HIT THE GROUND./



LATER AT THE DOCKS WHERE THE CANVAS COVERED PLANES ARE BEING LOADED ON BOATS./ A BRAKEMAN MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY....

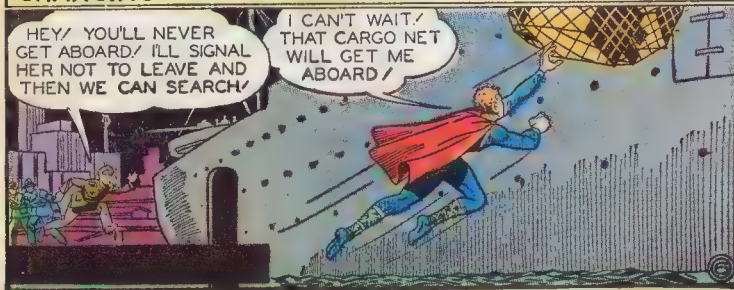


MOMENTS LATER...



OF COURSE / THEY WENT ABOARD THE SHIP SOMETIME AGO / AS FOR THE JAPS / I'M AFRAID THAT BUMP ON YOUR HEAD--

CHANGING FROM HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES, THE ANGEL ACTS...



I CAN'T WAIT / THAT CARGO NET WILL GET ME ABOARD /



QUICK!
IN WHICH
PART OF THE
HOLD ARE THE
PLANES
STORED?

YIPE
THE
ANGEL!



I KNOW THEY'RE HERE
SOMEWHERE! WHAT'S THAT
SOUND? A KNIFE SLASH-
ING THE CANVAS FROM
WITHIN!

AS THE ANGEL LAUNCHES HIS
ATTACK---



THERE YOU ARE--
MY RING-TAILED
FRIENDS!

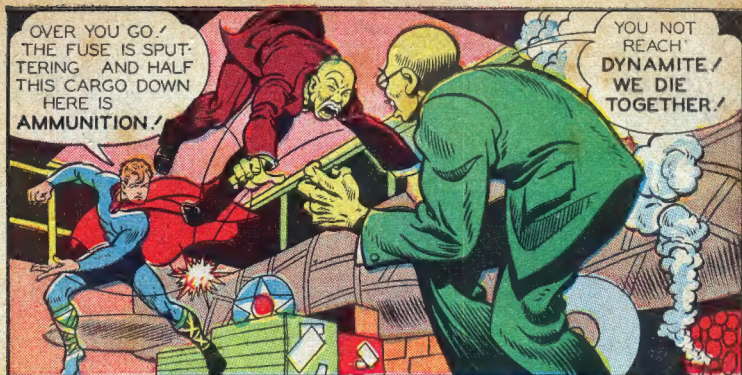
TWO OTHER JAPS SLASH
THEMSELVES FREE
OF THEIR HIDING PLACE
UNDER THE CANVAS!



QUICK TO
HELP TURI
FIGHT ANGEL
WHILE I SET OFF
DYNAMITE!



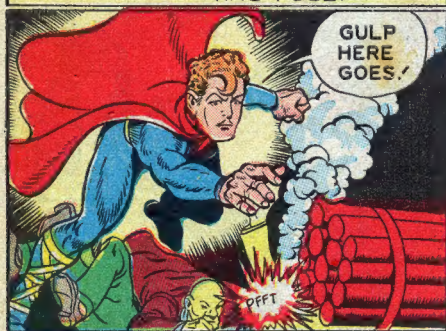
OUTTA
MY WAY,
NIP!



OVER YOU GO!
THE FUSE IS SPUT-
TERING AND HALF
THIS CARGO DOWN
HERE IS
AMMUNITION!

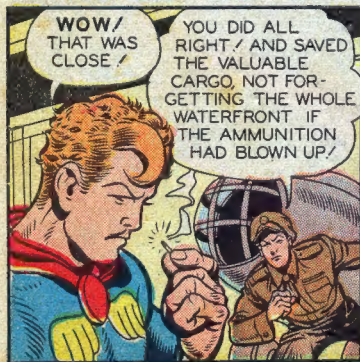
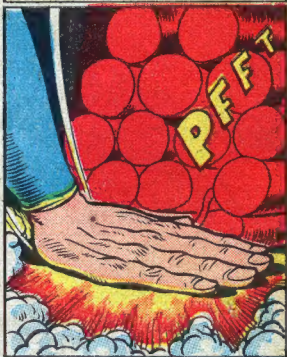
YOU NOT
REACH
DYNAMITE!
WE DIE
TOGETHER!

COORDINATING MIND AND BODY AS
ONE INTO ACTION,
THE ANGEL DIVES FOR THE SPUT-
TING FUSE!



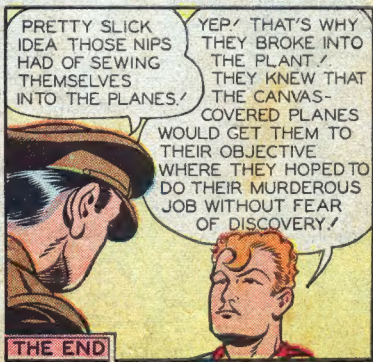
GULP
HERE
GOES!

AND WITH A FRACTION
OF AN INCH TO GO



WOW/
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT! AND SAVED
THE VALUABLE
CARGO, NOT FOR-
GETTING THE WHOLE
WATERFRONT IF
THE AMMUNITION
HAD BLOWN UP!



PRETTY SLICK
IDEA THOSE NIPS
HAD OF SEWING
THEMSELVES
INTO THE PLANES!

YEP! THAT'S WHY
THEY BROKE INTO
THE PLANT!
THEY KNEW THAT
THE CANVAS-
COVERED PLANES
WOULD GET THEM TO
THEIR OBJECTIVE
WHERE THEY HOPED TO
DO THEIR MURDEROUS
JOB WITHOUT FEAR
OF DISCOVERY!

THE END





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OF WATER
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